THE Wonderful Preservation OF GREGORY CROW BEING SHIPWRACKT UPON THE COAST OF KENT.

Shewing how this poor man threw away his Money, saying if it pleased God to preserve him, he would likewise find him sustenance; and that his whole care was to preserve the New Testament he had, by putting it into his Bosome.

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THE Wonderful Preſervation OF GREGORY CROW BEING SHIPWRACKT ON THE COAST of KENT.

I Think it neither unſeaſonable, nor altogether unprofitable to give the world a true and impartial relation of one *G. C.* marvellouſly preſerved with his New Teſtament upon the Seas for ſome days; whereby they may learn to marvel and muſe at the wonderful and unſearchable work of the Lord; For, *They that go down* (ſaith the Pſalmiſt) *into the ſea, labouring upon the water, have ſeen the works of the Lord, and his mighty wonders upon the deep*, Pſal. 106. *&c.* The Truth whereof may well appear in the following relation, being ſignified to me in a Letter from one *Thomas Morſe* related to the ſaid *G. C.* the Contents whereof are as followeth.

Upon *Tueſday* after *Whitſunday*, a certain poor man, whoſe name was *Gregory Crow*, dwelling in *Maulden*, went to the ſea, minding to have gone into *Kent* for Fulling-earth, but by the way, being foul weather, was driven upon a ſand, where preſently the Boat ſunk, and was full of water, ſo that the men were forced to hold themſelves by the Maſt of the Boat, and all things that would ſwim did ſwim out of her. Amongſt which *Crow* ſaw his Teſtament in the water, and caught it and put it in his boſome. Now it was ebbing water, ſo that within one hour the Boat was dry, but broken ſo as they could not ſave her; but they went themſelves upon the ſand (being ten miles at the leaſt from the land) and there made their prayers together, that God would ſend ſome Ship that way to ſave them (being two men and one boy in all;) for they might not tarry upon the ſand but half an hour, but it would be flood. In the which time they found their cheſt wherein was money to the ſum of five pound

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ſix ſhillings and eight pence, the which mony the man which was with the ſaid *Crow* (whoſe name I know not) took and gave it unto *Crow* who was the owner thereof, and he caſt it into the ſea, ſaying; If the Lord will ſave our lives he will provide us a living, and ſo they went upon the Maſt, there hanging by the arms and legs for the ſpace of ten hours, in the which time the boy was ſo weary and beaten with the ſea, that he fell off and was drowned.

And when the water was gone again, and the ſand dry, *Crow* ſaid to his man, it were beſt for us to take down our Maſts, and when the flood cometh we will ſit upon them, and ſo it may pleaſe GOD to bring us to ſome Ship that may take us up. Which thing they did, and ſo at ten of the clock in the night of the ſame *Tueſday*, the flood did bear up the Maſt whereupon they ſate.

And upon the *Wedneſday* in the night the man died, being overcome with hunger and watching. So there was none left but this *Crow*, who driving up and down in the ſea, called upon God as he could, and might not ſleep for fear that the ſea would have beaten him off.

So at length I my ſelf (ſaid *Thomas Morſe*) being laden to *Antwerp* with my Crayer, going from *Lee* upon *Friday*, having within my Crayer Mariners and Merchants, to the number of 46 perſons, and ſo coming to the Foreland, the wind was not very good, ſo that I was conſtrained to go ſomewhat out of my way, being in the afternoon about ſix of the clock, where at laſt we ſaw a thing a far off, appearing unto us like a ſmall buoy, that Fiſhermen do uſe to lay with their hooks.

When we ſaw it, ſome ſaid, Let us have ſome fiſh. And I ſaid to him that was at the helm; Keep your courſe away, for we ſhall but hinder the Fiſherman, and have no Fiſh neither, and ſo at my commandment he did. But at length he at the helm ſtanding higher than all we did, ſaid; Methink Maſter, it is a man. But yet they, being in doubt that it was but a Fiſhers buoy, turned the Ship from him again to keep their courſe.

Crow beholding the Ship to turn from him, being then in utter deſpair, and ready now to periſh with watching, famine, and moreover miſerably beaten with the ſeas, at laſt took his Mariners cap from his head, and holding up the ſame with his arm, as high as he could, thought by ſhaking it as well as he might, to give them ſome token of better ſight.

Whereupon the Steereſman more ſenſibly perceiving a thing to move, adverti ſed us again, declaring how he did plainly ſee a mans arm; and with that we all beheld him well, and ſo came to him and took him up. And as ſoon as we had him in our Ship, he began to put his hand in his boſome; and one asked him if he had money there. No, ſaid he, I have a book here, I think it be wet; and ſo drew out his Teſtament which we then dried. But the ſea had ſo beaten him, that his eyes, noſe, and mouth were almoſt cloſed with ſalt, that the heat of his face and the wea-

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ther had made. So we made a fire and ſhifted him with dry clothes, and gave him *Aqua Compoſita* to drink, and ſuch meat as was in the Ship, and then let him ſleep.

The next day we awaked him about eight of the clock in the morning, and his blood began to appear ſomewhat in his fleſh (for when we took him up, his fleſh was even as though it had been ſodden, or as a drowned mans is) and then we talked with him of all the matter before rehearſed. And ſo ſailing to *Antwerp*, the Merchants which ſaw the thing publiſhed the ſame in *Antwerp*; and becauſe it was wonderful, the people there both men and women came to the Ship to ſee him many of them. Some gave him a Peticoat, and ſome a Shirt, ſome hoſe, and ſome money (always noting how he caſt away his money, and kept his book.)

And many of the women wept when they heard and ſaw him. And Maſter Governour of the Engliſh nation there had him before him, and talked with him of all the matter; and pitying his caſe, commanded the Officer of the Engliſh houſe to go with him to the free Hoſt-houſes amongſt the Engliſh Merchants, and I with them, and at three houſes there was given him ſix pound ten ſhillings. And ſo from thence he went with me to *Roane*, where the people alſo came to him to ſee him, marvelling at the great works of God.

And thus much concerning this poor man with his New Teſtament preſerved in the Sea (which Teſtament the Popes Clergy condemneth on the land) ye have heard, as I received by the relation of the party abovenamed, who was the doer thereof, and yet alive dwelling in *Lee*, well known to all Merchants of *London*. In which ſtory this by the way underſtand, good Reader (which rightly may be ſuppoſed) that if this poor man, thus found and preſerved in the Sea with a New Teſtament in his boſome, had had inſtead of that a Pixe with a conſecrated hoſte about him, no doubt it had been rung ere this time all Chriſtendome over for a miracle, ſo far as the Pope hath any land.

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